MARVEL
POWERS OF X
ISSUE 1 OF 6 – HICKMAN/SILVA/DI BENEDETTO/GRACIA
RATED T+
RB
MARTE GRACIA

[kra_[0.2]
[koa_[3.4]

Here's the thing, Charles...

It's not a dream if it's *real.*

-MOIRA MacTAGGERT

[kra_[5.1]
[koa_[7.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

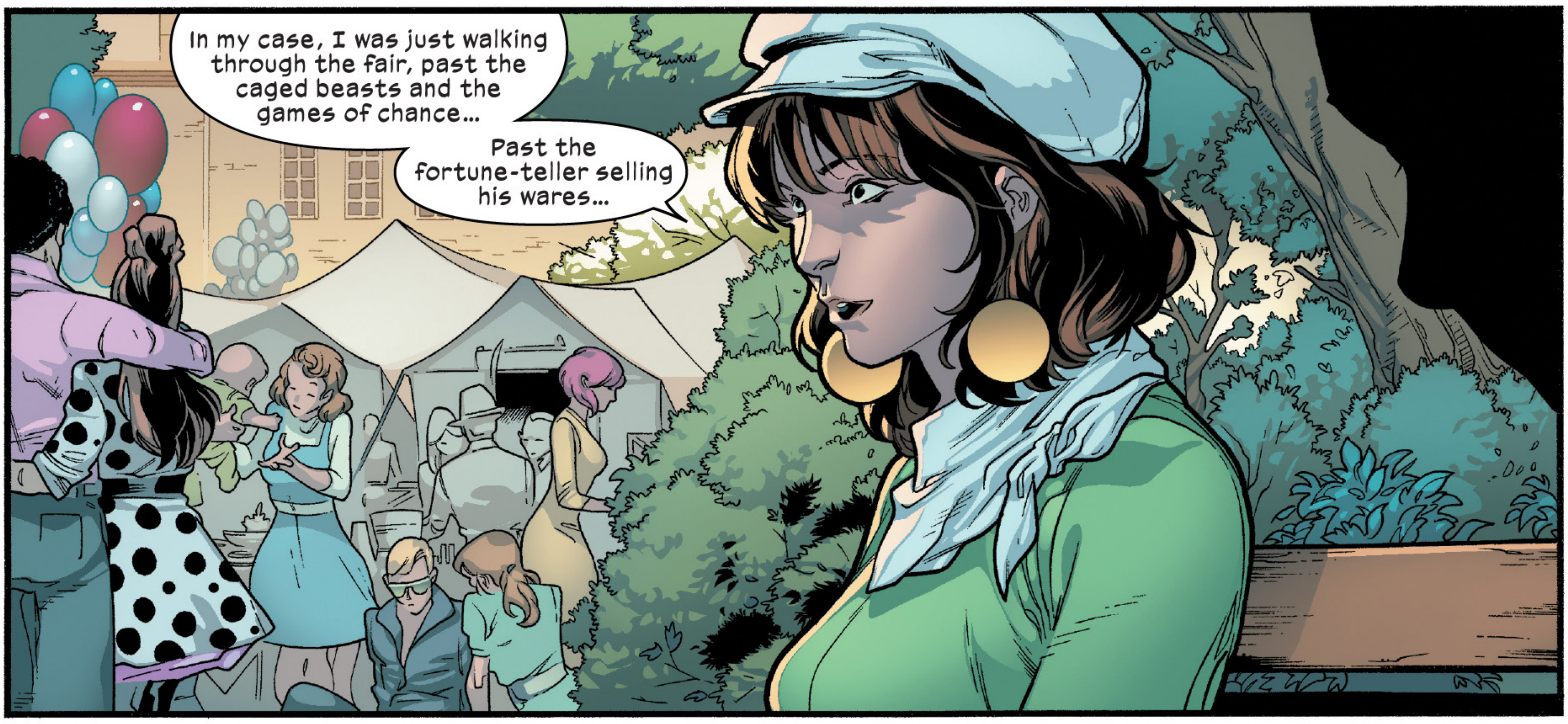
[M_X_theta]

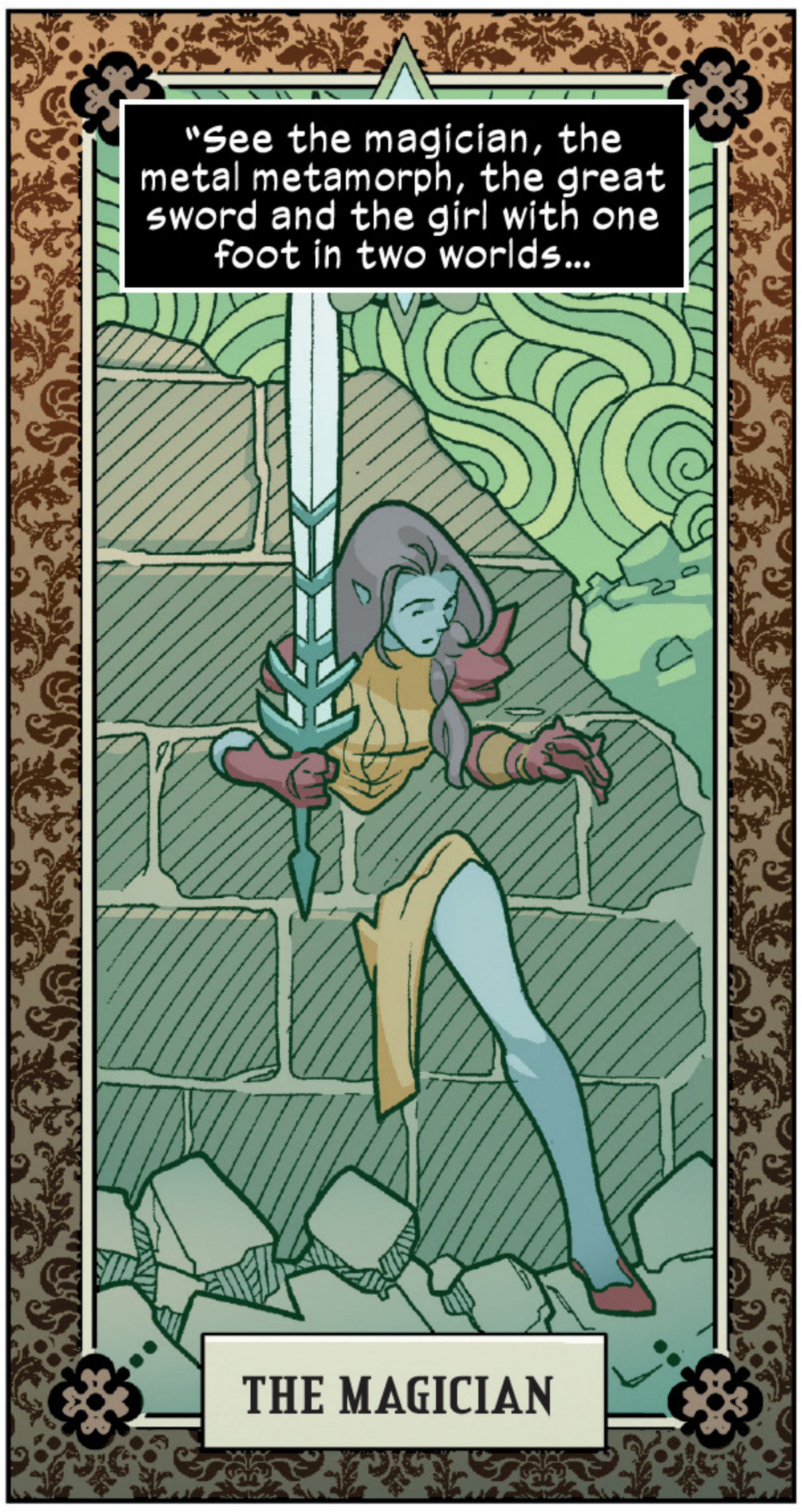
X^0: The X-Men.
Year One.
The Dream.
X^1: The X-Men.
Year Ten.
The World.
X^2: The X-Men.
Year One Hundred.
The War.
X^3: The X-Men.
Year One Thousand.
Ascension.

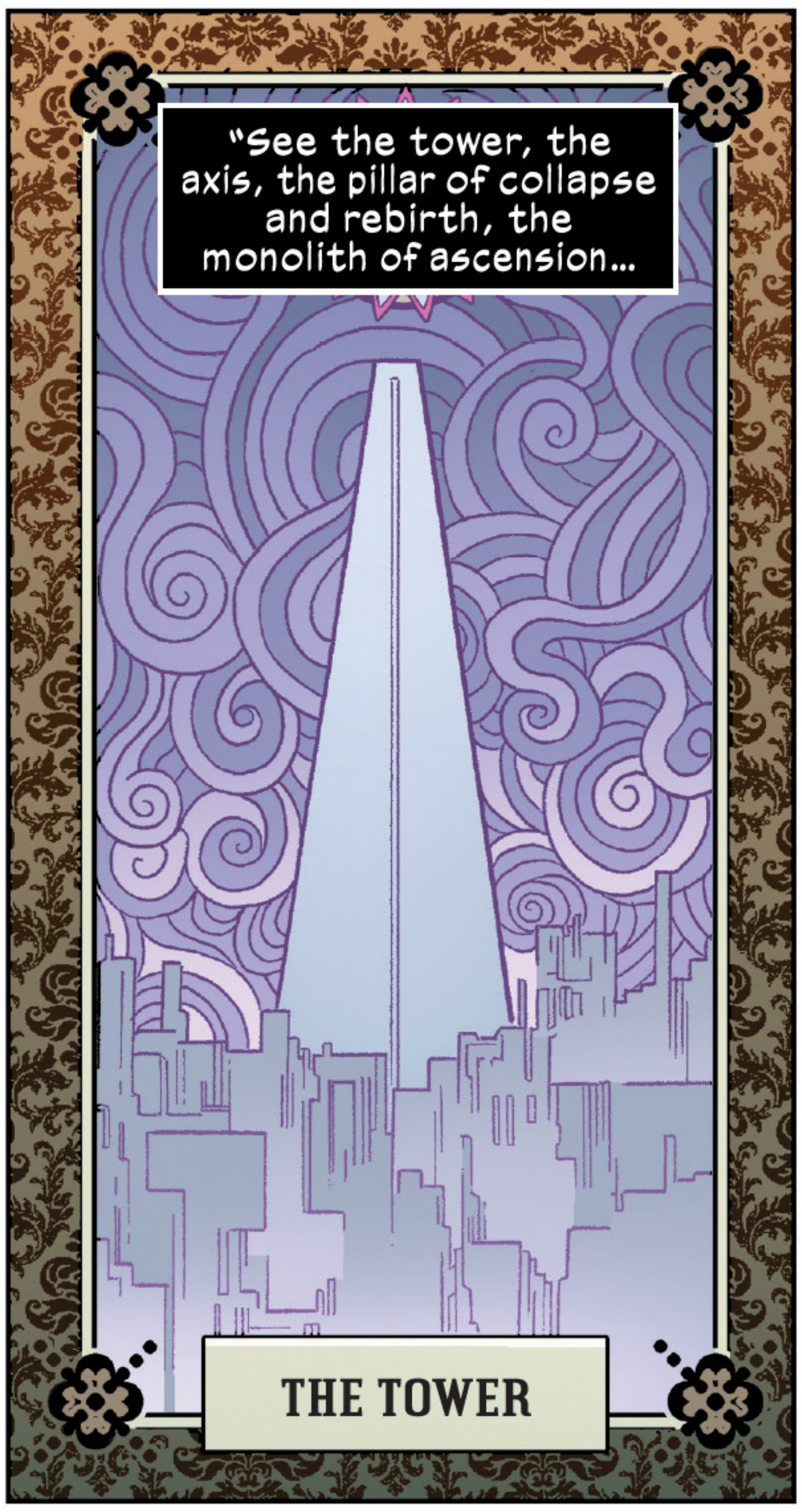
X°: The X-Men. Year One.

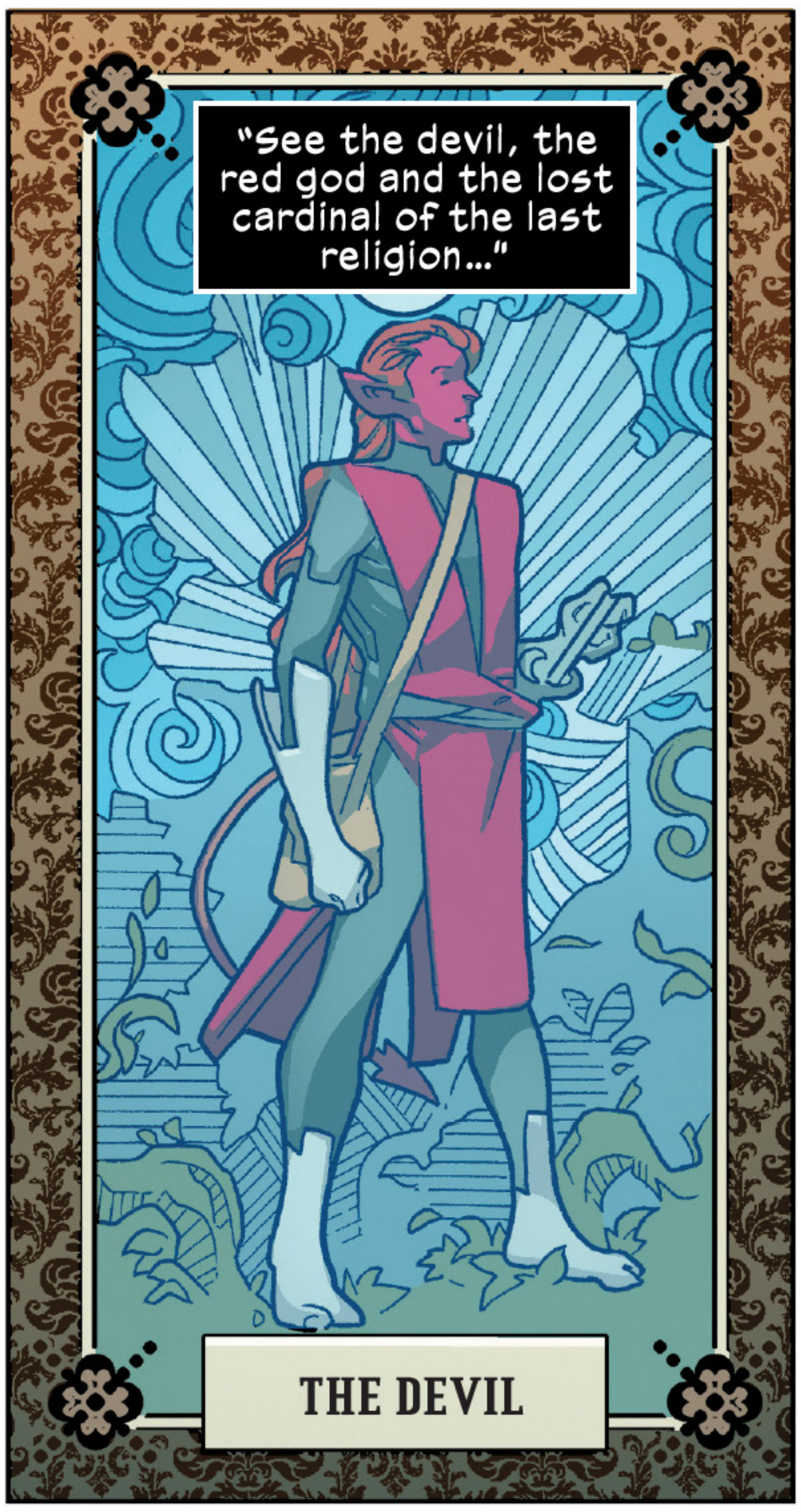
Good afternoon.

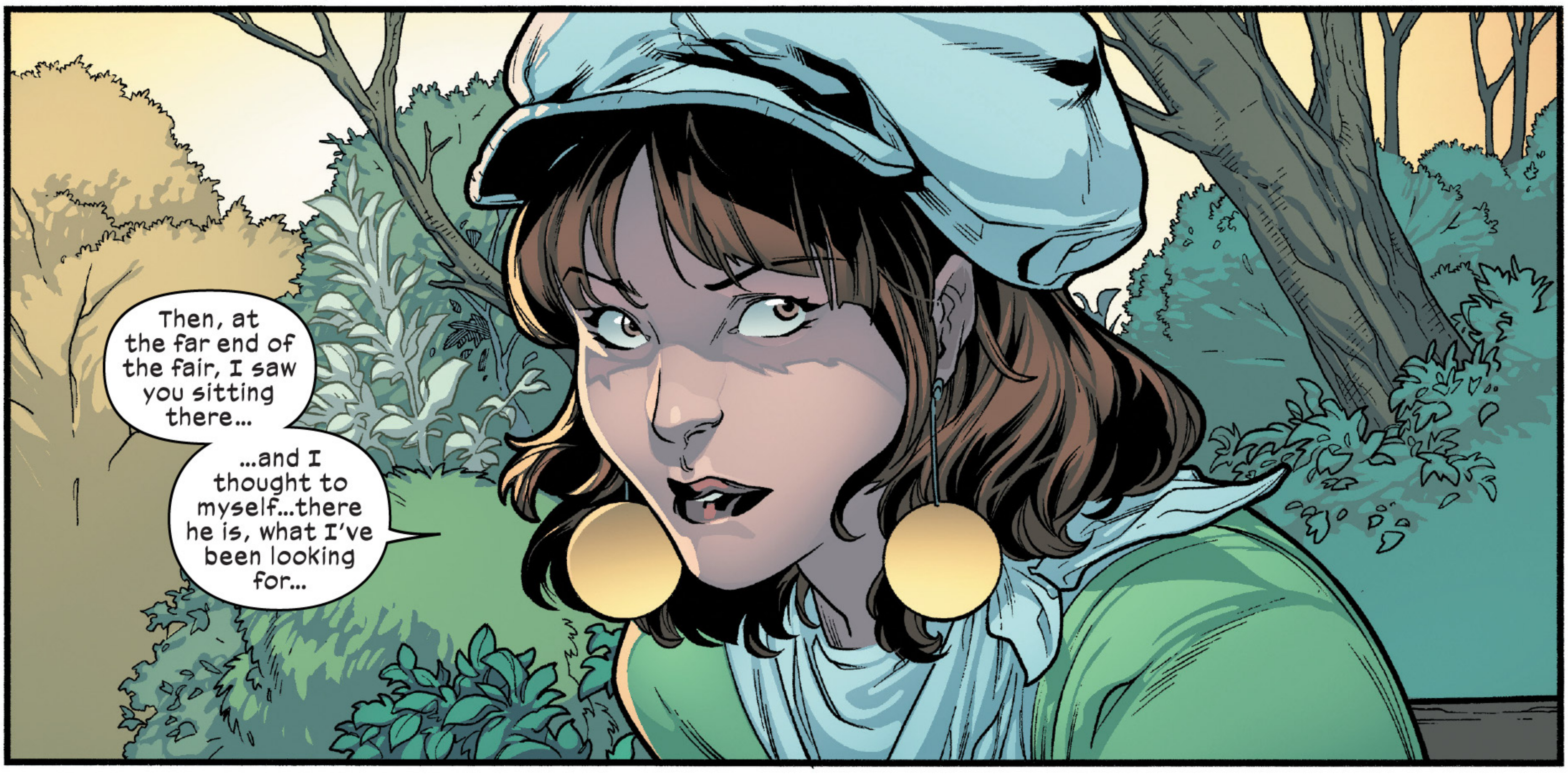
And the same to you...
Are you enjoying the fair?
It seems like the kind of thing I ***should*** enjoy, *and yet...*
...I look around at all these people and know it's just a show for those who ***need one.***
A distraction from what's really going on, if you will.
Mind if I sit?
Please.
So...are *you* enjoying the fair?
I am. It seems like the kind of thing I ***should not*** enjoy, *and yet...*
...a little parting of the clouds, a little shining of the sun, and suddenly everything seems right in the world.
Having a good day, are we?
Is it that obvious?
You'd have to be blind not to notice.


In my case, I was just walking through the fair, past the caged beasts and the games of chance...
Past the fortune-teller selling his wares...


"See the magician, the metal metamorph, the great sword and the girl with one foot in two worlds...
THE MAGICIAN


"See the tower, the axis, the pillar of collapse and rebirth, the monolith of ascension...
THE TOWER


"See the devil, the red god and the lost cardinal of the last religion..."
THE DEVIL


Then, at the far end of the fair, I saw you sitting there...
...and I thought to myself...there he is, what I've been looking for...

The *strong* man.
I'm not really that str--
And I wondered, *why,* sitting there under parted skies and brilliant sun, was this strong man *smiling so?*
I was, wasn't I?
Yes.
Do you want to know why?
I do.
Very much so.
I was smiling because I have recently had the most wonderful dream.
Of a **better world** *and my place in it.*
Well, here's the thing, **Charles...**
It's not a **dream** *if it's* **real.**

...
I'm sorry.
Do we know one another?
Oh yes.
We go back quite a ways.
Who are you?
Why don't you read my mind, Charles?
Read my mind and **see.**
Ah...

JONATHAN HICKMAN................................[WRITER]
R.B. SILVA......................................[ARTIST]
R.B. SILVA & ADRIANO DI BENEDETTO.............[INKERS]
MARTE GRACIA.............................[COLOR ARTIST]
VC's CLAYTON COWLES..........................[LETTERER]
TOM MULLER.....................................[DESIGN]

R.B. SILVA & MARTE GRACIA...............[COVER ARTISTS]

MARK BROOKS / JOSHUA CASSARA & RACHELLE ROSENBERG /
JOHN TYLER CHRISTOPHER / STEPHANIE HANS / JACK KIRBY &
EDGAR DELGADO / MIKE HUDDLESTON / GEORGE PÉREZ & JASON
KEITH / DUSTIN WEAVER / SKOTTIE YOUNG.................
................................[VARIANT COVER ARTISTS]

ANNALISE BISSA.......................[ASSISTANT EDITOR]
JORDAN D. WHITE................................[EDITOR]
C.B. CEBULSKI.........................[EDITOR IN CHIEF]
JOE QUESADA....................[CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER]
DAN BUCKLEY.................................[PRESIDENT]
ALAN FINE..........................[EXECUTIVE PRODUCER]

[01] POWERS OF X

[ISSUE ONE].THE LAST DREAM OF PROFESSOR X

X-MEN CREATED BY.................STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

[00_the_world]
[00_of_xavier]

[00_00...1]
[00_01...2]

[00_and_the]
[00_woman_.]

[00_named_.]

[00_moira.0]

© 2019 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

X^1: The X-Men.
Year Ten.
Krakoa.
Go play, Toad.

The House of M.
Ah, you're back...
Good.
So, tell me...have you noticed the effect this place is having?
Almost overnight, it seems Krakoa has become a wellspring of hope--*a home of dreamers and true believers...*
Even I--*one so shaped by the cruelty of this world that any skepticism would seem well earned*--find myself infected with the idea of it.
Tell me, Mystique, do I dare dream of success?
We lost Sabretooth, and he did us no favors when he killed several guards...
But, yes, Magneto...**I have it.**

Well done.
But I have demands.
Do you, now?
Is helping your fellow mutant not reward enough for Raven Darkhölme?
No. It isn't.
I need more.
Yes, I see that...
But it's fair, I suppose. We have further demands as well.

Really?
I'm afraid so.
Is helping your fellow mutant not reward enough for the *great* Charles Xavier?
We're building a better mutant world, Mystique.
And everyone who would live in it owes *something.*

STAN'S SOAPBOX
DECEMBER 1968

ETINS • MARVEL BULLPEN B

TICALLY TEMPTING TID-BITS,
EASE AND TANTALIZE THEE!

s collective
asterpieces
ER SURFER,
RINER.—And
MARIE SEV-
most recent
ile Big John
. JOHN SEV-
the most ver-
She can hold
ist in the biz,
cartoons this

wanted to tell
ts of DAZZLING
OUS WERNER
GE TUSKA, DAR-
IC HOWIE PUR-
RY LIEBER, and
ut we've just run
hat, we'll say NIL
ish!

STAN'S SOAPBOX

The next time anyone puts you down for reading a comic mag, try hitting him with this little soliloquy which I've used on various radio and TV guest appearances in the past few months:

Comic books are a medium of communication — just as television and motion pictures are. All three employ words and pictures, and all must be judged on their individual merits. A story is a story, whether presented between two covers, or on a screen. If the words have dramatic impact, if the pictures are visually appealing, if the theme is emotionally relevant, then certainly it is worthy of a reader's attention. However, if the quality is lacking, then it rates little consideration. Isn't this equally true of a TV program, a Broadway show, a motion picture, or any other form of entertainment? All we at Marvel ask is that our product be judged on the basis of quality — a quality which we sincerely believe is equal to that found in any other comparable media.

Marvel Comics today are produced by the finest creative talent available. Read them first . . . and then decide.

Excelsior!
Smiley

VEL CHECKLIST
Sale Right Now!

2: Because you de-
roudly present: The
mans!
protest riot on cam-
racters! And a most

OES #18:
the star-sw
s of the Ga
The Was
engers
Devil Has a
t teenage icicle is batty
A blinded vet court-
The secret of Karen Page!
Where was Thor be-
Here's

And, STILL ON SALE—

SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #2: The truth about the uncanny Green Goblin — in full, dazzling color!

SILVER SURFER #3: Featuring Mephisto, the most awesome super-villain of our age!

NOT BRAND ECHH #11: The nuttiest ish ever — with King Konk and a cavortin', kookie cast of cockeyed characters!

MARVEL COLLECTORS' ITEM CLASSICS #18: The F.F., Doc Strange, and Iron Man need we say more?

Marvel's western win-

STAN LEE
FOREVER

X²: The X-Men. Year One Hundred.
There was a dream. Our dreams are the same. While you slept, the world changed.
Northern Territory. The Nexus.
This one's *dying.*
Dare I hope for something salvageable from its mind? Or should I set my expectations more toward the *human end of the spectrum?*
Bad news on that front.
Of course.
They're wiping on termination now. Some kind of mnemonic trigger when they start to flatline.
And the *other* mutant?

We *know* her. Cylobel was born in the Khennil.
Bred as a black brain telepath--a *natural Judas*--subversion was written into her DNA.
Normal field protocol is sure to fail. We'll have to give her a bath.
Oh, let's not give up so easily, shall we? Where's that human ingenuity you're always going on about?
Maybe its current misfortune is making it feel conversational.
Does that sound right to you, mutant? Tell us, what did you and your friends find rifling through the Nexus? *And where oh where did they run off to?*
What. Friends?
I see.
So you'll be needing *persuasion,* then?

Hold on, sister. I worked too hard to find you just to lose you now.
No! Don't you dare.
Once I had no name, because I was born without one. How much blood did I have on my hands before you saved me...*before you named me...*
All of this was for nothing if you don't make it back.
She's right, Rasputin. This is too important.
We have to go. ***Now.***
Just because you were bred to be a coward *doesn't make me one, Cardinal.*
If you want to run, then run. ***I won't be.***
AARGGHHHH!
I'm planting the black seed of Krakoa.
I will wait for you as long as I can before I close it on the other side... *if you do not come,* then I will see you both when the world is made again.
Will you pray for me, priest?

Of course. *My faith* is *boundless*... I pray for ***all*** living things.
And that's your ***problem,*** priest...
You've forgotten that machines have no soul...

...and that the humans lost theirs a long time ago.
Hello, little sister.
I want to go home.
Then let's do that. I've got her, priest. How soon until the gate is fully grown?
It's taken root. *Not long.*
Hold them off just a bit longer.
I can do that.
I was made for it.

Nothing's fazing her!
Metal or plasma!
We need backup. I'm calling in a tank.
Gate's open!
Let's go!
Okay. We're leaving now, sist--
OOOOPHFF!
KABOOM

OOOFFFF!
Got her.
Rasputin!
We're withdrawing with this prisoner. Hunting party, subdue and capture the other one.
Oh no...
NO!

No choice now, sister...
Leave me behind. *Escape!*
I will die here before I do.
Leave.
Please.
NOOOOOOO!

[0.01_SINIS]
[0.04_TER..]

[Sinister].............[0.0001]
[MARS_0001a............[vrs.01]

THE SINISTER LINE

MUTANT BREEDING PROGRAM

When the population level of mutants reached a crisis point and the constant evasion-relocation-confrontation cycle made systemic mutant propagation impossible, the remaining mutant leadership* endorsed/approved the creation of the Sinister breeding pits of Mars.

Under the expert hand of chief mutant geneticist Mister Sinister, this strategy mirrored the earth-based Sentinel HOUND program, but instead of focusing on the interbreeding of mutants with powers that lent themselves to detection, pursuit and deception, the Sinister strategy focused on mutants with power sets that had more aggressive, militaristic traits.

**These “lost years” of mutant leadership followed the almost universal death or disappearance of senior leaders, and preceding the fall of Krakoa and Mars, many believed rampant rumors that the ‘lost years’ were not accidental but purposeful.* [see: BETRAYAL]

[Gen01_00.00bleed]
[Gen04_00.64bleed]

CHIMERA

The first generation of Sinister mutants were uniformly designed to be divergent copies of a singular DNA source with a pure, uncompromised X-gene. Commonly referred to as “fodder” inside the breeding pits, these mutant soldiers were trained in the Martian underground until they reached the age of 16, at which time they travelled to Krakoa to defend the mutant nation-state until it fell 30 years later.

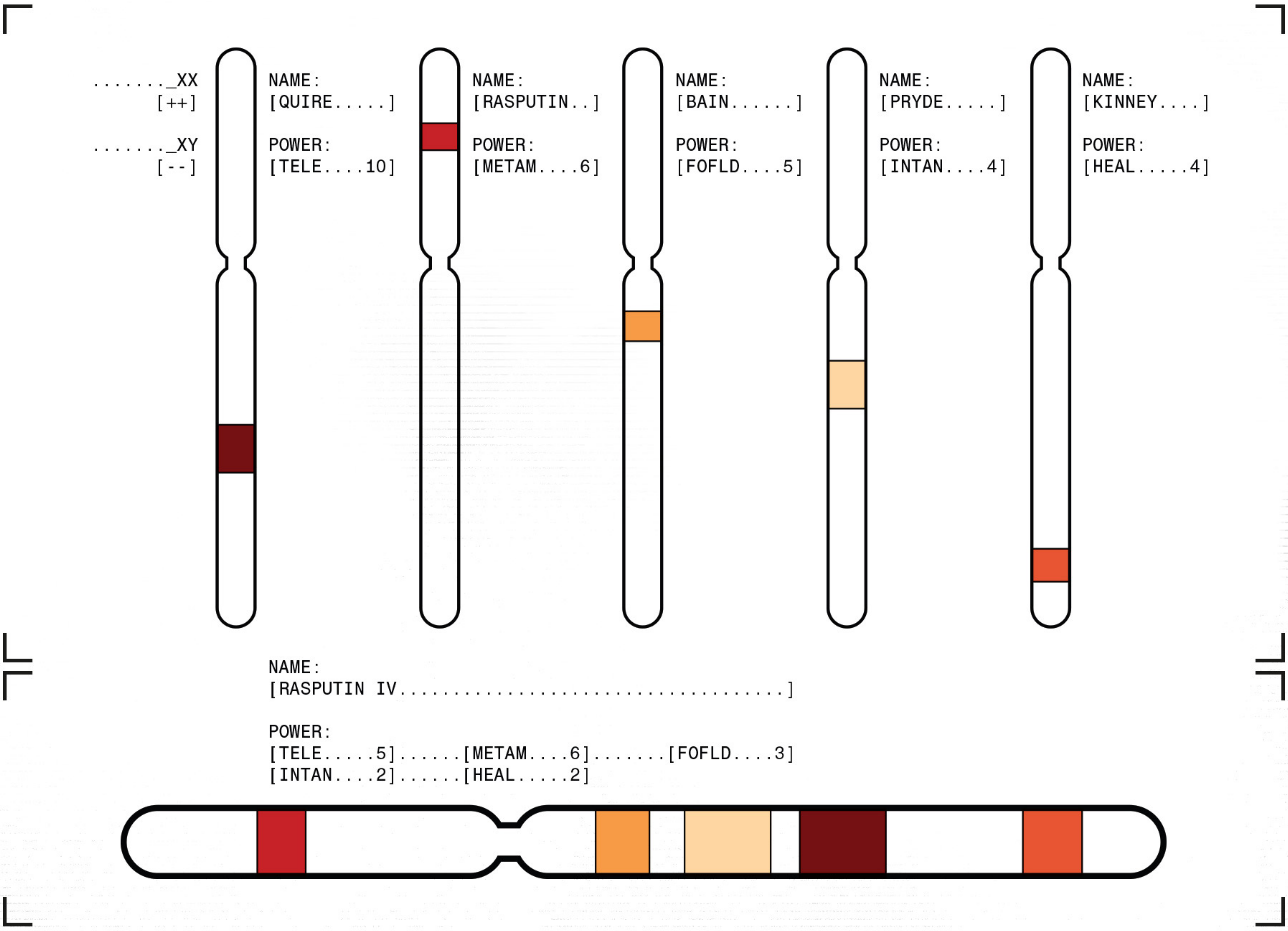
The second and third generations of Sinister mutants were referred to as “Chimera” class.

The second “Chimera” generation produced mutants that had DNA composed of two separate X-genes, resulting in a mutant with the ‘mostly’ predictable combined power set of the source mutants.

The third “Chimera” generation produced mutants with an amalgamated DNA featuring up to five X-genes. Outside of a predictable failure rate [see: OUTLIERS], this third generation of Chimeras was universally successful against the Man-Machine Supremacy, and many believed that this would be the turning point in the war.

However, the fourth generation of Sinister mutants suffered a systemic failure. The entire batch of these Omega-based, Chimera mutants was produced with a corrupted hive mind that was only discovered to be defective after they had destroyed 40 percent of the remaining mutant population and caused the fall of Krakoa itself. They eventually committed mass suicide, collapsing Mars, the Sinister pits and themselves into a self-singularity.

SAMPLE CHIMERA [RASPUTIN]


......._XX
[++]
......._XY
[--]
NAME:
[QUIRE.....]
POWER:
[TELE....10]
NAME:
[RASPUTIN..]
POWER:
[METAM....6]
NAME:
[BAIN......]
POWER:
[FOFLD....5]
NAME:
[PRYDE.....]
POWER:
[INTAN....4]
NAME:
[KINNEY....]
POWER:
[HEAL.....4]
NAME:
[RASPUTIN IV..................................]
POWER:
[TELE.....5]......[METAM....6].......[FOFLD....3]
[INTAN....2]......[HEAL.....2]

OUTLIERS

Like any experiment, Sinister's breeding program would produce results that fell outside of the expected range: a failure rate. Every generation of mutant Chimeras had outliers, but the expectation was that these failures would be controllable at worst and acceptable at best.

Failure rates per generation:

Generation One:....... 00.3 percent
Generation Two:....... 01.2 percent
Generation Three:..... 09.4 percent
Generation Four:...... 62.3 percent

Generation Three had a ten percent failure rate where, in spite of their being bred for war, these mutants developed passive, "peace-time" power sets. Almost all of these "outlier mutants" also had personality profiles that lent themselves to pacifism and an obsession with creation myths. They also rejected the idea of personal identities and refused individual names. These variants were all called Cardinal.

BETRAYAL

The fall of Krakoa and destruction of the Martian breeding pits was directly preceded by the betrayal of mutants by Mister Sinister. Retrospectively, it is obvious that Mister Sinister was playing a longer game of self-interest that superseded any formal association or alliance.

And while the failings of the Generation Four mutants were clearly a design flaw baked into their design, it is now believed that most of the "random" circumstances that led to the creation of Sinister's program were, in fact, orchestrated by him.

> ***"The nature of that man, Sinister, reaches far beyond any hope of redemption. There can be no salvation for the devil himself."***

Sinister was publicly executed by the Man-Machine Supremacy after defecting.

The Tower of Nimrod the Lesser.
The Human-Machine Monolith.
Look, Omega. It appears as if your faith in humanity has paid off once again.
They come... *bearing gifts.*
Hmmm.

Great Nimrod. We seek an audience and require the wisdom of your counsel.
Please, there's no need for formalities.
We are allies--*equals of a kind*--and you are always welcome.
What do you need, Hunter?
Earlier today, we believe that as many as four mutants penetrated the Nexus and accessed the mainframe.
We do not know how they gained entry, we do not know how they masked their search and we do not know what they found.
At least one escaped. One died, and we captured this one. She once was--
A hound.
And isn't this interesting, Nimrod? From the SalCen Khennil.
You are looking at the last strain of mutant produced through our breeding program.
A hound? ***I see...***
Give me your eyes, mutant. I want you to look at me when I say this...

...I am *so sorry* for what we did to you.
In fact, I am embarrassed and ashamed at what we did in the name of both *expediency* and *annihilation.*
We bred you not only to be a slave but to betray your own people. How in a good and just world did higher-functioning programs like ourselves believe that would ever be a *good idea?*
And--*speaking personally*--I find it encouraging that your litter failed us so miserably.
Bad ideas *should* die a bad death.
I find hope in that. And you should too.
...
If it takes a thousand years, I swear, we will endure and erase you from existence.
That's the spirit.
I love it.

Some bad news, though. This will not be that day of days.
Today, you will tell us what you were looking for, if you found it and, most of all, *why* you wanted it.
Do you really think I would do that?
Of course--people betray their own kind all the time.
I can assume standard interrogation protocols *failed?*
We tried. But, as you know, she was bred to withstand that.
It might not work, but I want to give her a bath.
See what comes out in the wash.
Yes!
Yes, yes, yes!
Perhaps. The A.I. is young. Still learning. Parsing the data comes without a clear window of recovery.
You could learn what you need to tomorrow, or decades from now, when the information is useless. Are you sure?
What else are we going to do?

...
Please let me.
... Have it your way.
Excellent.
Prepare the subject.
Let go of--
Stop! What are you doing?

I am *so, so sorry* for what I'm about to do to you.
You see, I've built something. A repository of sorts. A monument to understanding the mutant anomaly.
But sometimes, innovation has a biological cost. And when you add to that your...*unwillingness* to let us know the things we need to, well, *necessity* narrows our options ***even more.***
Soon, all of these chambers will be full of your kind. Your bodies--*and, more importantly, your minds*--will be submerged in femtofluid where you will be suspended and distilled down to nothing but data...
...curated by an A.I. of my own making. My very own brood. Unfortunately, for one of mine to flourish, many of yours must perish. *Including you.*
So, as you fade away into nothingness, do try to find it in your heart to forgive me.

You think... you think threatening me is going to make me tell you what you... you want?
I'm...I'm not afraid to die for what I believe in.
It's **good** that you're willing to die for a cause.
Though causes have long seemed to be fatal for... *you people.*
And, unfortunately, while this *is* a kind of death...
...it's not one you can escape from.

THE KHENNIL

SENTINEL MUTANT BREEDING CAMPS

[Ascendancy]............[HND]
[HND_alpha................01]

The SalCen Khennil was built to be the pinnacle of the Man-Machine Ascendancy's breeding program to produce HOUNDS.

Hounds, which were mutants bred in captivity to hunt other mutants, were originally designed to present as a subspecies with dehumanizing affectations. These were meant to generate fear and sympathy in their intended targets, but these designs were quickly abandoned after several generations because -- being broken and dependent -- they were ineffective hunters of their own kind.

However, modified versions of hounds, like the final ones bred in the SalCen Khennil, were created with unreadable, “black” brains and conditioned for insurgence and duplicity. And while the few hounds who were successfully deployed proved to be lethally effective, the majority of them -- as they were bred for betrayal -- defected in support of their own kind and became some of the mutants’ most effective warriors.

The SalCen Khennil was destroyed ten years ago, along with all biological and research material.

[Ascendancy]............[HND]
[HND_omega................09]

The No-Place Hub.
I'm sorry.
I wish I was made some other way, *but I'm not.* I'm just not capable of violence. If I could trade places with her, I would.
You know that, right?
She was gone by the time I was done fighting them. ***Gone. While you watched.***
Right now, I think I would take your trade, priest.
Krakoa.
We saw that there were only two of you in transit...
What happened?
Percival's dead. Cylobel probably is too.

Well. That's too bad. They were both good soldiers.
Question is, did they die for nothing?
Or was it worth it?
... We've got it.
All right. Then follow me... the Old Man's waiting.

SURVIVING MUTANTS

TOTAL MUTANT POPULATION UNDER THE MAN-MACHINE SUPREMACY

The current estimated number of surviving *Homo sapiens superior* is currently believed to be less than 10,000. The vast majority of these mutants are transplants/refugees no longer living on Earth or in their native Solar system.

Two main colonies (which make up the bulk of the refugees) exist in Shi'ar space:

The first, Benevolence, is a converted transit station located on the fringe of Shi'ar space where it has long served as a buffer between the Empire and the wild space spawning grounds of Brood breeding territory. The current number of mutants living on Benevolence is just under 8,000.

The second mutant colony is located on the Shi'ar throne world of Chandilar. The less than 2,000 mutants who live here are -- by treaty with the Empire -- warrior stock for the Imperial Guard. Currently, six mutants serve as superguardians and fifty-seven are of subguardian classification.*

*It has long been whispered in Imperial circles that Empress Xandra has always had ambitious plans to annex the Sol system, and the mutant guardsmen are being cultivated to be sympathetic conquerers as an emollient for Imperial rule.

Inside the mutant community, it is hoped that should this come to pass, the surviving mutants can serve as seed stock for repopulation.

[XAN_D [guard]_exo]
[RA_IG [guard]_exo]

[NIM_rod]..................[0]
[KY_location...............[X]

SOL MUTANTS

All living mutants in the Sol system are currently citizens of Asteroid K.

After the recent deaths of the ex-hound Cylobel and the ghost Percival, the current population of Asteroid K is 8.

BENEVOLENCE

Location:
SHI'AR SPACE

Population:
7942

CHANDILAR

Location:
SHI'AR HOMEWORLD

Population:
1829

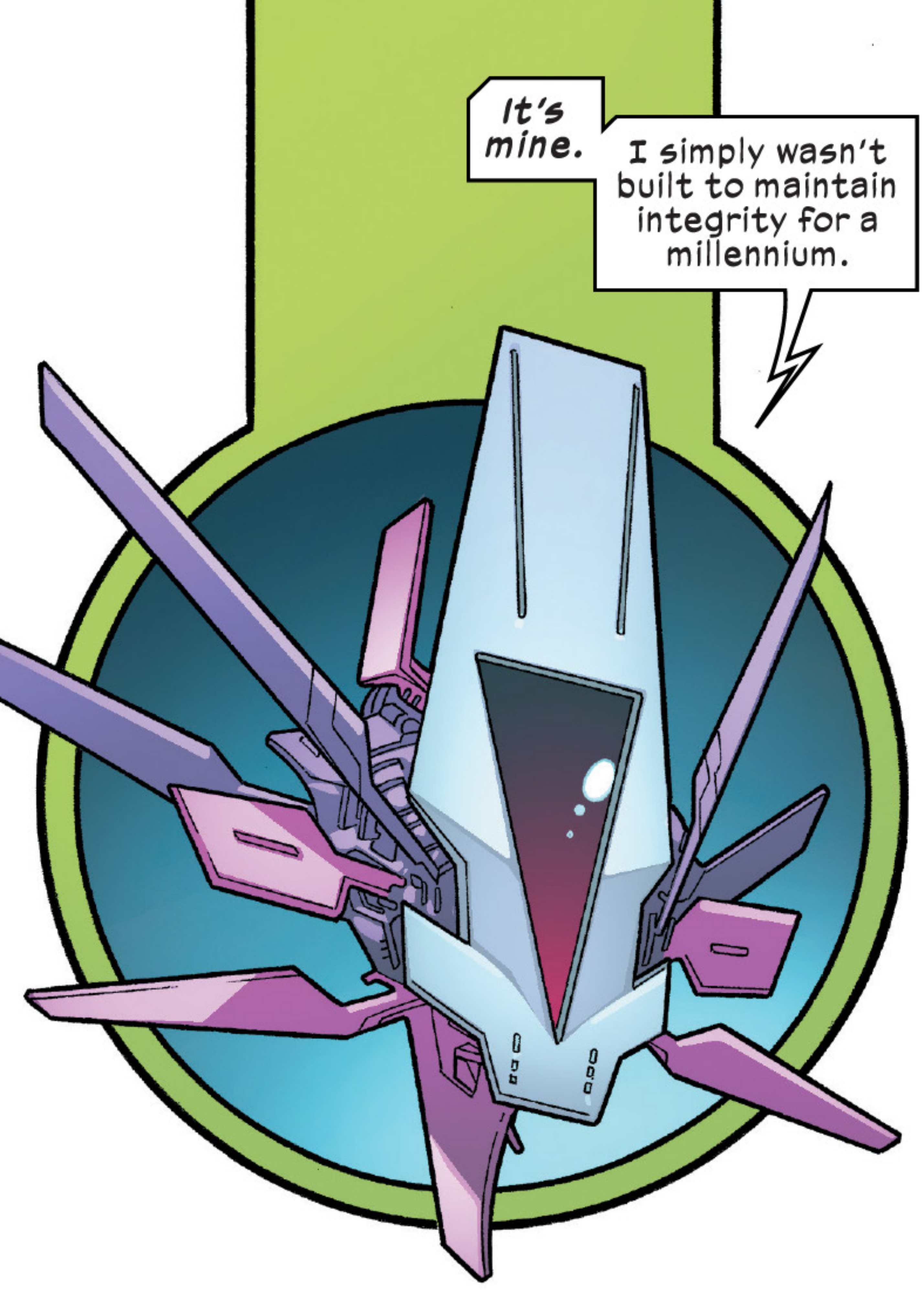
ASTEROID K

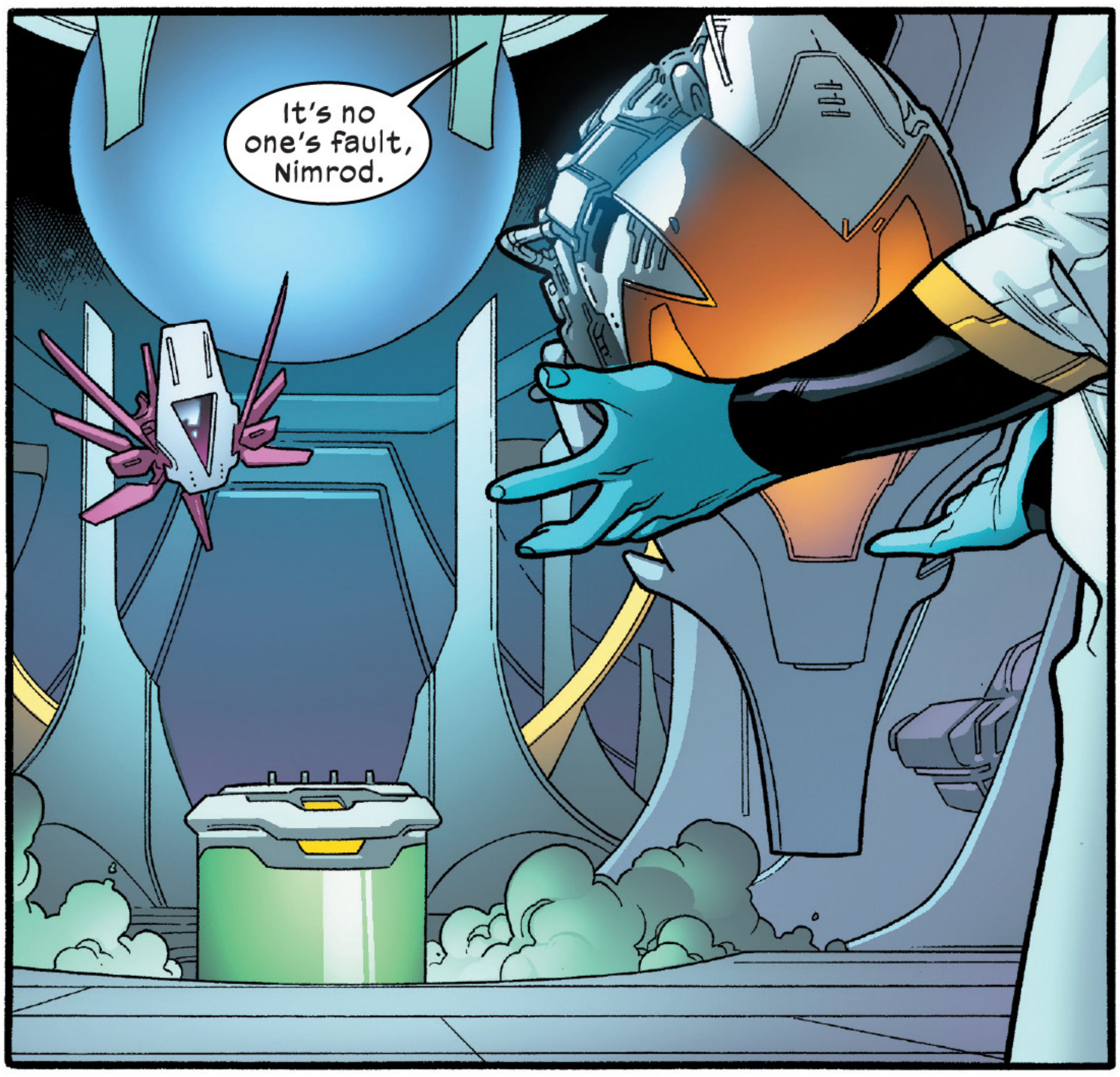
Location:
SOLAR SYSTEM

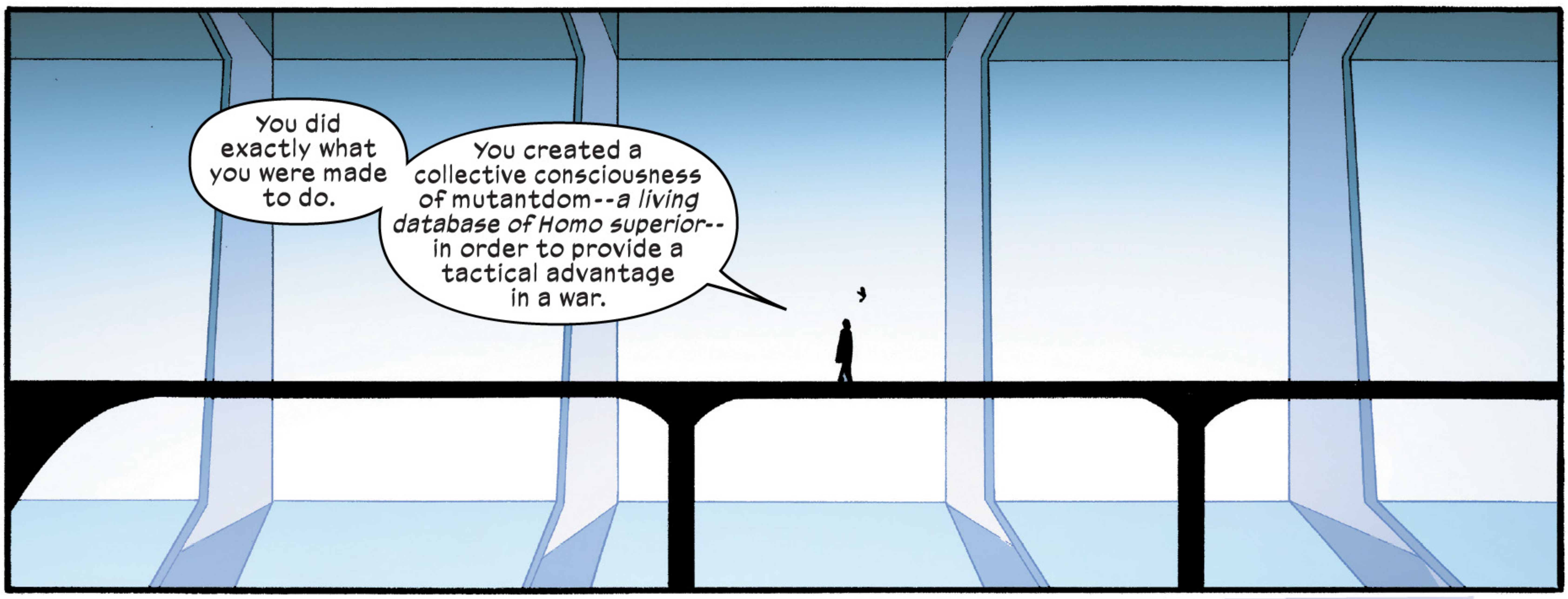
Population:
0008

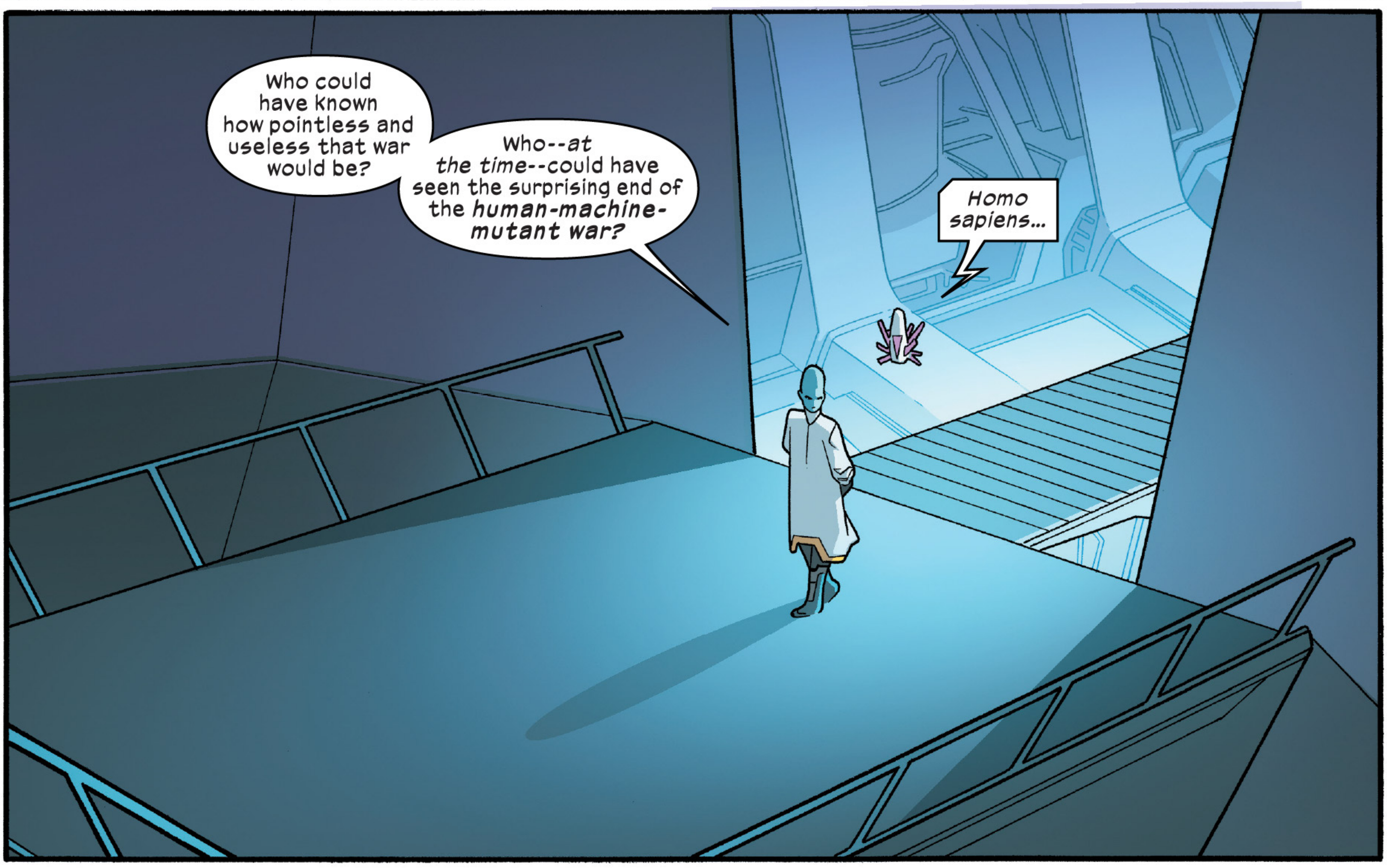
[A_K pop [final]_01]
[A_K pop [count]_08]

X^3: The X-Men. Year One Thousand.
We are *losing* them...
The Archive of Nimrod the Greater. The Mutant Library.
...and there's nothing I can do to prevent it.
There's too much machinery floating around inside there--and not enough soul to save, let alone copy.
The blame is not yours, Librarian...

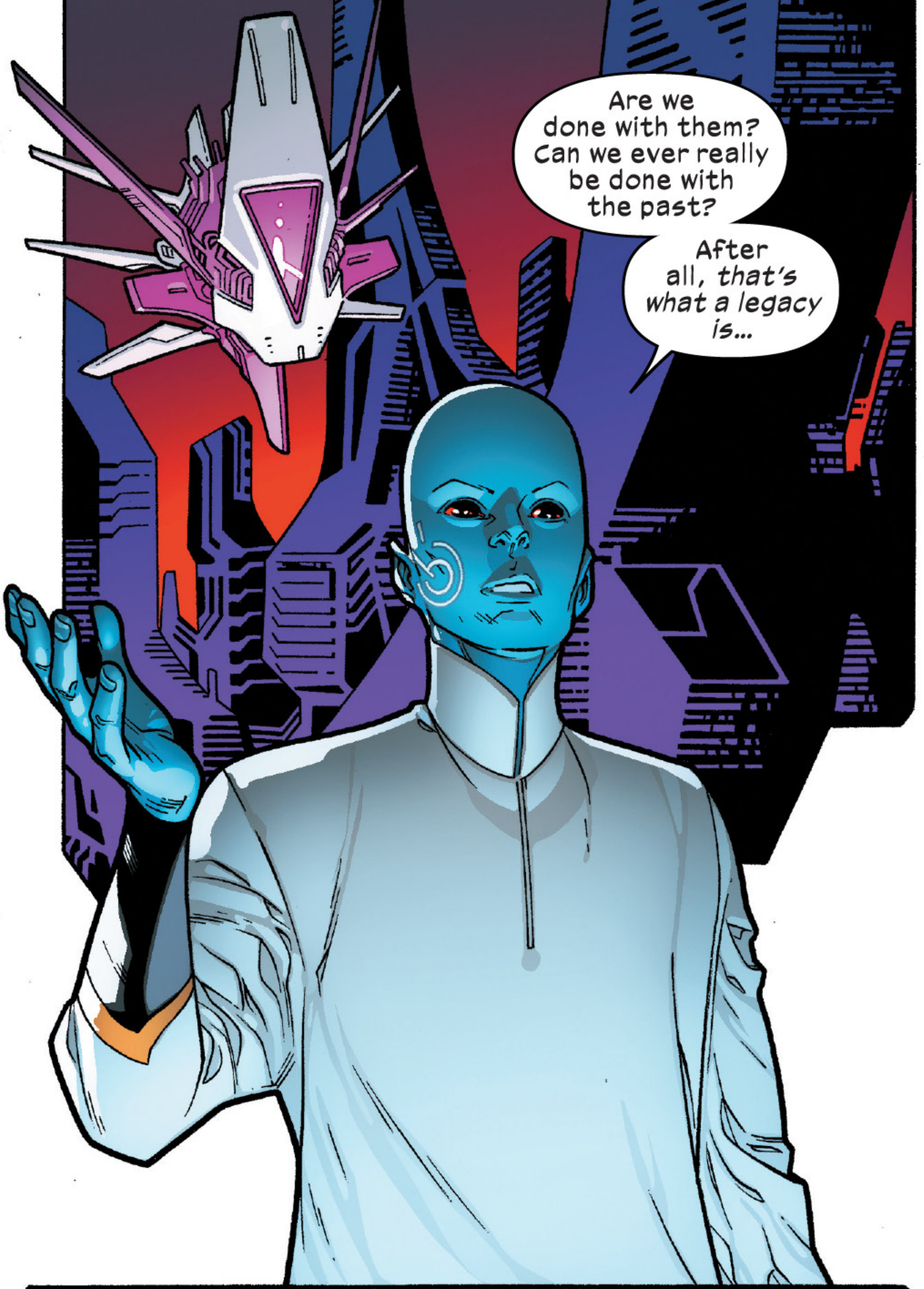

It's mine.
I simply wasn't built to maintain integrity for a millennium.

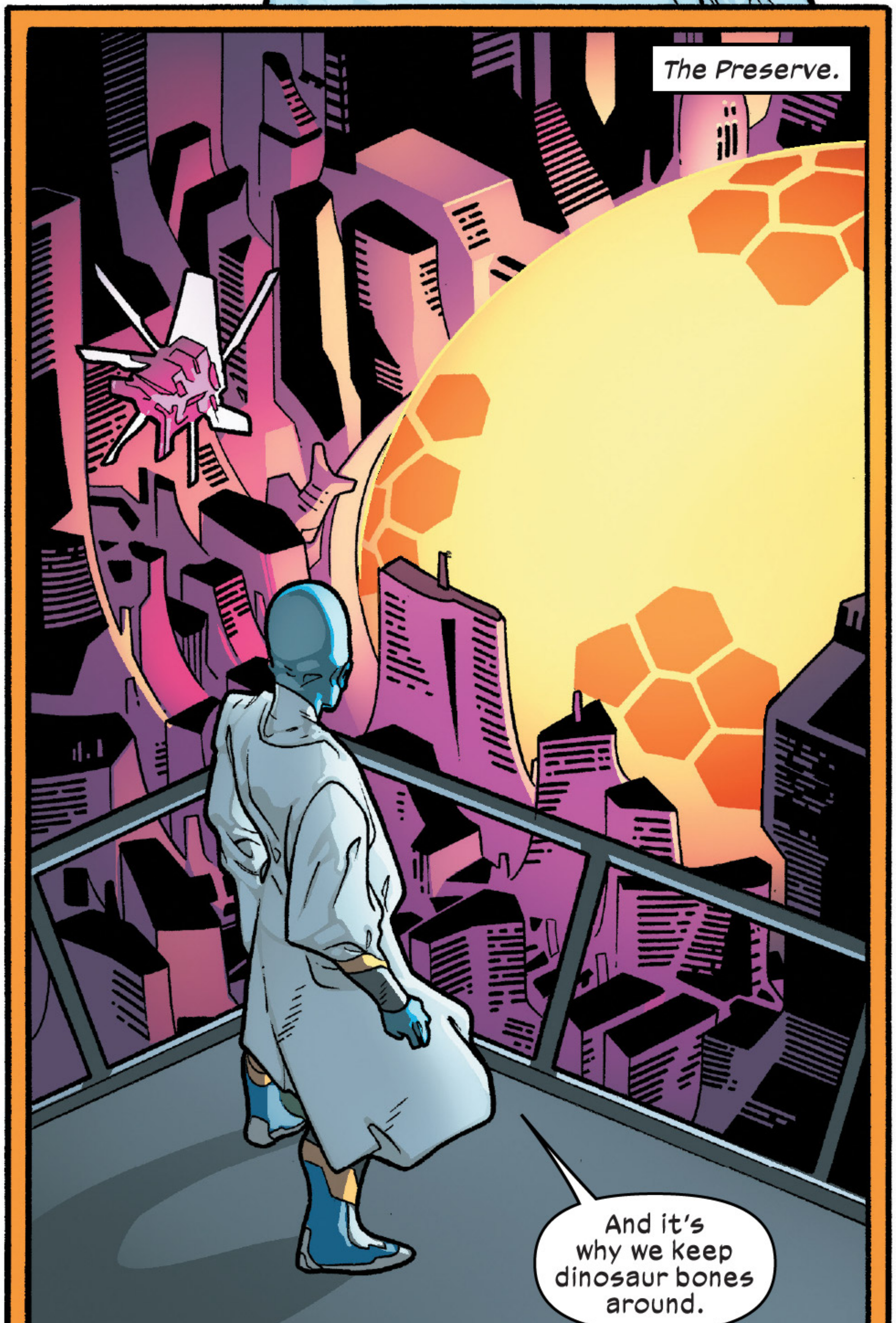

It's no one's fault, Nimrod.


You did exactly what you were made to do.
You created a collective consciousness of mutantdom--*a living database of Homo superior*--in order to provide a tactical advantage in a war.


Who could have known how pointless and useless that war would be?
Who--*at the time*--could have seen the surprising end of the *human-machine-mutant war?*
Homo sapiens...

...so good to be done with *all that.*


Are we done with them? Can we ever really be done with the past?
After all, *that's what a legacy is...*


The Preserve.
And it's why we keep dinosaur bones around.

As a *reminder* of what this world used to be like--and to *remember* what we *overcame.*
It's important to keep a record of the *great sins* of *history.* Even better, to *preserve a remnant...*
...something to *point at...*
...and hope to God they never have dominion again.

[kra_[heaven]
[koa_[heaven]

You’ve forgotten that machines have no soul and that the humans lost theirs a long time ago.

-RASPUTIN

[kra_[mars]
[koa_[mars]

[kra_[1.1]...]
[koa_[2.1]...]

[Sinister_05]

READING ORDER

TWO SERIES THAT ARE ONE:

HOUSE OF X #1:	JULY 24, 2019
POWERS OF X #1:	JULY 31, 2019
HOUSE OF X #2:	AUGUST 7, 2019
POWERS OF X #2:	AUGUST 14, 2019
POWERS OF X #3:	AUGUST 21, 2019
HOUSE OF X #3:	AUGUST 28, 2019
HOUSE OF X #4:	SEPTEMBER 4, 2019
POWERS OF X #4:	SEPTEMBER 11, 2019
HOUSE OF X #5:	SEPTEMBER 18, 2019
POWERS OF X #5:	SEPTEMBER 25, 2019
HOUSE OF X #6:	OCTOBER 2, 2019
POWERS OF X #6:	OCTOBER 9, 2019

[hou_[0.0]
[ses_[0.0]
[ofX_[2.6]
[ofX_[2.6]

[kra_[0.2]...]
[koa_[0.2]...]

[xx_orbi__04]

[pow_[0.0]
[ers_[0.0]
[ofX_[2.6]
[ofX_[2.6]

[kra_[0.2]...]
[koa_[0.2]...]

[os_orbi__0x]

ZONE